

THE
Medal Revers'd.

A
SATYRE
AGAINST
PERSECUTION.

By the Author
Of *AZARIA* and *HUSHAL*.

----*Landatur ab his, Culpatur ab illis.*
By Samuel Pordage



L O N D O N :
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THE
Meditation

ЖИТЯ

СВЯТОГО
МОИГО

АКИСИОВИЧА

САНКТ-ПЕТЕРБУРГА

THE

EPISTLE

TO THE

TORIES

According to a late pattern, we have dedicated also our Poem, not to our Friends, but Enemies, and I think I have not erred in the Portraiture I designed to draw of the Tories admired Persecution. If I have mist of some particular Works, Spots or Moles, it was because I durst not draw her so far to the life for fear of her Power and Indignation, else some of her grand *Heroes*, and such as you *Tories* worship

ship and fall down before, had been shewn in her face, as much to the life, as the pretended *VVbiggs* Heroe most daubingly was lately aimed at, by the Author of the *Medal*. But like some pictures, I have seen, which at a distance shew you the Faces of Men, if looked on thorow a perspective, expose to your view very perfectly twenty more Faces of their Relations, within their own: This revers'd Medal look'd on thorow the perspective of Judgment, will to some clear Eyes shew certain Images plain enough to be known to the Tories themselves, as Friends and Relations to *Persecution*. Tho I am not of Opinion that the Author of the *Medal*, and that of *Absolom and Achitophel* is one person, since the stile and painting is far different, and their *Satyrs*, are of a different hew, the one being

being a much slovenlier Beast than the other: yet since they desire to be thought so, let the one bear the Reproaches of the other. I cannot tell what immodesty the *VVbiggs* can be taxed with, for the desire of a Medal from a Friend, more than the *Tories* have shown in flattering draughts of impudent Traytors. Nor tax us I beseech you for pretending only the publick Good, and a Veneration for the King; as yet. You have not detected those pretensions (as true as honest) of those you call *VVbiggs* to be false; and certainly a Medal of the *Tories* Persecution, can be no scandal to the King, nor true picture of sedition. As for Pretences, the *VVbiggs* can see as well as others, and can as easily detect them as you, to be gross fallacies, and that 'tis most necessary for men in your Circum-

stances, to pretend both: For without them you could not deceive the King, nor draw after you many of the over zealous people, who suppose you work above ground, when all the while you are sapping and undermining the peace of the Nation. It is your common practise to slander or villifie others, your gross Libels swarm in the Streets, and fly in the Face of Magistracy it self, at such an impudent rate as is not to be parallel'd, in the most licentious Common-wealths, and yet you have a Confidence to cry out of the *Whiggs* for their Clubs, whilst your damme Bullies hector and roar in every Coffey-house. *Tories* you are the persons who villifie the Government, and are indeed the Reproach of it both at home and abroad, some of you designedly, more of you ignorantly

(,)

rantly and foolishly. Your charges of the *Whiggs* incensing the Multi-tude to assume *Arbitrary* Power is most false; and we justly return that Charge on your selves, for you have tryed all ways imaginable, to push on the people to a Rebellion, that you might have a pretence to cut their Throats, and compass your grand design; which lies hid under all. And when you see your Arts fail you, and that the Loyalty of the People, & love they bear to their sovereign (notwithstanding your false charge) make them stedfast, and not to be moved with your Libels, Affronts, Charges, and Reproaches, and that you are not able to stir them up to Rebellion, you feign plots and devises against them, that you might by Law cut off their heads, hang, or draw; and with Satyrs from the most witty.

witty of your hirelings, sow sedition thorow out the Nation, abusing not only a living part of the King, but even the King himself. And what means this new Persecution of Dissentors, in the midst of peace and quiet, but another irritation if possible, to some insurrection ? but for ought I can see, the Loss of Goods, Religion, and Life it self, will not move those you call *Whiggs* to actual Rebellion against a Prince they love : Blame them not therefore, if sometimes their passions make them speak, they are Men, not Asses; are to be led by Laws, not driven at will and pleasure. We do not believe that the King intends to make use of Arbitrary Government, and we think well of some of his Ministers, but we also certainly know there are others, who endeavour
all

all they can to make their own Fortunes, by unjust ways, and for Ends, that must tend to the Ruine of a Nation. If their designs were just and honest, would they live in so much fear of a Parliament, when so much the desire of the whole Nation? you *Tories* think you now have the better end of the staff, you have the Law, you have the great ones, you have Power, on your side; & therefore may do what you will, and abuse whom you please, the *Whiggs* must not open their mouths, and let them speak never so reverently of the King, all is blasphemy and canting in your Ears. You brag of your Poets and your Ora-tors, and that all the witt lies on your side; be it so, we will not strive with you about it, vve pretend to honesty and justice, that shall make amends for our ill Language and Verses. But if

as the Author of the *Medal* says, his own verses vvere turn'd against him, and as he vvas made to satyrize himself, it shewvs there vvas some skill to beat him with his own vveapons; & it shews success in the Camp, when the Enemies Guns are taken and turn'd against themselves. And truly here vve have but turn'd the *Medal*, to shewv you the Picture of your selves, vwithout stealing, or making any use of your Rhimes or Railings. If it does not please you I am not at all solicitous, for I am also of the Humor of your Poet, & as careless as he, vwhat any of the Factious party says of me & have(I think)more reason to trust to the goodness of my Cause.

THE
MEDAL
REVERSED.
A
SATYR
Against Persecution.

HOW easie 'tis to Sail with Wind and Tide ?
Small force will serve upon the stronger side :
Power serves for Law, the wrong too oft's made right ;
And they are damn'd, who against power dare fight.
Wit rides triumphant in Power's Chariot born,
And deprest Opposites beholds with scorn.
This well the Author of the *Medal* knew,
When *Oliver* he for an Hero drew.

He then Swam with the Tide ; appeared a Saint,

10 Garnish'd the Devil with Poetick Paint.

When the Tide turn'd, then strait about he veers,

And for the stronger side he still appears.

Then in Heroicks Courts the great, and high,

And at th' Opprest he lets his Satyrs fly.

15 But he who stemms the Tyde, if ground he gains,

Each stroke he makes must be with wondrous pains :

If he bears up against the Current still,

He shews at least he has some Art and Skill,

When against Tide, Wind, Billows he does strive,

And comes at last unto the shore alive.

Huzza my Friends, let us our way pursue,

And try what our Poetick Arms can do.

This latter Age with wonders do abound,

Our Prince of Poets has a Medal found,

From whence his pregnant Fancy rears a peece,

Esteem'd to equal those of Rome and Greece.

With

With piercing Eyes he does the Medal view,

13

And there he finds, as he has told to you,

The Hag *Sedition*, to the Life display'd,

30 Under a States-man's Gown ; fancy'd or made,

That is all one, he doth it so apply ;

At it th' Artillery of his Wit lets fly ;

Lets go his Satyr at the Medal strain,

Whorries the *Whiggs*, and doth Sedition bait.

35 Let him go on, the *Whiggs* the Hag forfaze ;

Her Cause they never yet would undertake,

But laugh to see the Poets fond mistake.

But we will turn the Medal ; there we see

Another Hag, I think as bad as she :

40 If I am not mistaken 'tis the same,

Christians of old did *Persecution* name :

That's still her Name, tho now grown old and wise,

She has new Names, as well as new disguise.

Let then his Satyr with Sedition fight; 4

4 r And ours the whilst shall Persecution bite :
 Two Hags they are, who parties seem to make ;
 'Tis time for Satyrs them to undertake.

See her true Badg, a Prison or the Tower ;

For Persecution ever fides with Power.

5 0 Our Satyr dares not worry those he shou i'd,
 But there are some felt, heard, and understood ;
 Who Substantives of Power stand alone,
 And by all seeing men are too well known ;
 What steps they tread, and whether 'tis they drive,
5 1 What measures take, and by what Arts they thrive :
 But were these little Tyrants underfoot, in i i i i i i i i
 How bravely o're them could our Satyr strut !
 What Characters, and justly, could he give,
 Of men who scarcely do deserve to live !

Yet

60 Yet these are they some flatterers can Court, ^{should not}
Who now are Persecutions great support.

We on the Medal see the fatal Tower ; ^{of England and the}

Truth must be silent, for we know their power ; ^{of England and the}

Whilst they, without controul, can shew their hate, ^{of England and the}

61 And whom they please, with grinning Satyrs bait. ^{of England and the}

This puts our Satyr into fume and chase : ^{of England and the}

He could bite soarly, could he do it safe. ^{of England and the}

Since against such he dares not spend his breath, ^{of England and the}

Th' Hag Persecution he will bait to death. ^{of England and the}

70 Old as the world almost, as old as Cain, ^{of England and the}

For by this Hag was righteous Abel slain ; ^{of England and the}

In Tyrants Courts she ever doth abide, ^{of England and the}

Accompanied with Power, with Lust and Pride. ^{of England and the}

What she has done is to the world well known : ^{of England and the}

75 She always made the best of men to groan. ^{of England and the}

6

Her bloody Arts are register'd of old,
And all her cruel Policies are told.
All that is past our Muse shall let alone,
Pass Foreign, and speak only of our own;
Our own dear ugly Hag, who now has power,
To send to *Tyburn*, *Newgate*, or the *Tower*.

If Power be in the Multitude, not few,
They shew that they have Faith and Reason too,
Leap not their bounds, nor do their power betray.
Since they to Laws, and Government obey.
If other power they exercise, 'tis force,
Or rage, that's seen in a wild head-strong Horse;
The more he's spurr'd or rein'd, the more doth bound,
And leaves not, till the Riders on the ground
But far it seems from our Almighty Crowd,
To boast their strength, or be of power proud:

Their

Their power they of old had fruitless cry'd,

And therefore now take Reason for their guide.

Nay Faith they have in their own juster Cause,

98 In their dread Sovereign, and his righteous Laws;

This makes them thus submit; all power lay by,

For Right, for Law, for Peace they only cry:

For this, by some, they are accounted Fools.

So generous Horses are mistook for Mules;

100 And some Courte Jockies mount them in their pride,

And with a Satyr's heel spur gall their hide,

Dull asses they suppose the People are,

Made for their burthens, and not fit for War.

All with the fore-wind of Religion Saile;

105 It to all parties is the Common stale.

I know you'l grant the Devil is no Fool,

He can disguise in Surplice, Cloak, or Coat;

110 But

But still he may be known without dispute,
By Persecution ; 'tis his Cloven Foot.

Let him be *Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew,*

Pretends religious zeal, it can't be true,

If 't Persecution raises, or maintains,

Or makes a Market of ungodly gains.

When *Rome* had power here, and fate inchaire'd,

How cruel and how bloody she appear'd !

Our Church Dissenters then did feel the same,

Their Bodies serv'd for fewell to the flame :

And can this Church now got into the Chair,

A Cruel Tyrant like to *Rome* appear ?

For bare Opinion do their Brothers harm,

Plague, and Imprison, 'cause they can't Conform ?

But stay, our Church has Law upon its side :

And so had *Rome*, that cannot be deny'd,

And if these *Zebu's*, who so fiercely drive,

In their sinister Arts proceed and thrive,

9 We soon shall see our Church receive its doom,

And feel again the Tyranny of *Rome*.

To bar Succession is th' ungodly sin,

So often broak, so often peec'd ag'in.

13^o O may it here in *England* never cease,

Could we but hope it would secure our peace!

But men with different thoughts possessed are,

WE dread the effects of a new Civil VVar.

We dread *Romes* yoak, to us 'tis hateful grown,

13^o And *Rome* will seem a Monster in our Throne.

How rarely will a Cope the Throne bedeck?

A Bishops Head, set on a Princes Neck?

Th' inherent Right lies in the Sovereign's sway,

But then the Monarch must *Romes* Laws obey.

14^o Head of the Church he must no longer be,

But give that place unto *Romes* holy See.

Both of the Church, and him *Rome* will take care,

The Throne must truckle under Papal Chair.

10

Kings can't do wrong, for does the maxim say;

148 But Ministers of State, their servants, may.

Tho Kings themselves do sit above the Law;

Justice still keeps their Ministers in awe;

For if they do not make the Law their guide,

Great as they are, by Law they may be try'd;

150 Else we should subject be to every ill,

And be made slaves to Arbitrary will.

Oh happy is he where each man Justice craves!

Kings can't be Tyrants, nor the subjects slaves.

The Laws some great ones fear, who rule the State;

155 When they can't have unto their wills create,

They to their minds, with Cunning, try to mold,

And, with new Images, to stamp the old:

What 'gainst Dissenting *Papists* first was bent,

For *Protestants* now proves a Punishment.

160 Law, Law they Cry, and then their Brother smite,

(11) As well upon the left side as the right;

To every Jayl the Protestants they draw,

And Persecution still is masqu'd with Law;

We do not know but *Rome* may have its turn,

161 And then it will be also Law to burn.

This is not all, for some ill men there be,

Who would the Laws use in a worse degree;

Treason and Traytors, Plots against the State,

To reach their Foes, they cunningly create;

170 To Prison then the Innocent they draw,

And if they could their Heads would take by Law;

But Law is just, and *English* men are good,

And do not love to dip their hands in Blood

Of Innocents: But this has rais'd the Rage

171 Of some Politick Actors on our Stage,

12
And spite of Justice, Law, and Reason too,

Their wicked ends by other means pursue.

Those men, whom they can neither hang nor draw,

Freed by their Country, Justice, and the Law,

190 They try to Murther with an Hirelings Pen,

By making them the very worst of men.

They ave Orators and Poets at their will,

Who with their venom, strive their Fames to kill.

These rack the Laws, and holy Scriptures too,

195 And fain would make all the old Treasons new :

They will not let the Graves and Tombs alone,

But Conjure up the Ghost of Fourty One.

With this they try the ignorant to scare,

For men are apt the worst of things to fear,

190 Tho that Ghost is no liker Eighty two,

Than a good Christian like a Turk or Jew.

13

London, the happy Bulwark of our Isle,

No smooth and oyly words can thee beguile:

Thou knowst thy self, that will never lye;

191. Eternal as thy self, the men do die.

*Tis Truth and Justice that do thee uphold,

And richer in Religion than in Gold;

Thy Piety has built thy Turrets higher

Than e're; in spite of Plague, of War, and Fire.

200. Without a sigh we can't think on the flame,

Nor by what hands, and from what Heads it came.

With envious Eyes they do thy riches view,

When old ways fail, to spyl thee they find new:

No Art's untry'd which may thy Coffers drain,

205. For which the subtil Lawyer racks his Brain:

Thy too old Charters they will new Arraign.

Thou must not think thou canst in safety stand,

Whilst the false Canaanite swarms in the Land.

14

Some State-Physicians cry, that thou art sick,
o And on thee they would try some quacking trick:
As yet their poisonous drugs thou dost not need,
Nor does thy Body want to purge or bleed.
Thy Head we hope with Loyalty is Crown'd,
Thy Heart and In-trails we do know are found:
 Thy hands are open, honest, free, and strait,
And all thy Members plyable and neat;
All think you well in Health, and sound within,
Tho some few spots appear upon your skin,
They're but the purgings of the sounder part,
And are at a great distance from the Heart.
The wealthy love to thrive the surest way,
For gain perhaps they will like slaves obey,
Give up their Charters, bend their necks, now free,
To servile yokes, and stoop to that degree,
As to submit to *Romes* Curst Tyranny.

But

But sure the wise, and the Religious, and i sli HA

Will all the just and lawfull ways pursue, and i show

To keep that freedom unto which they're born, p 10 of T.

And which so well doth English men adorn ; p 10 of b nA

230 Which our Forefathers did preserve with care, p 10 of HA

And which we, next our souls, do hold most dear, p 10 of b nA

Let the hot Tarter, and their Poor Curles, and i shew

They spend in vain, and you are ne'r the worse. p 11 of b nA

Alas ! they seem as only made to damn, p 10 of b nA

231 And then there is that which they have lost their shame, p 10 of b nA

They are true Sibines, or the sons of Cham, p 10 of b nA

Their Mouths are open Sepulchers, their Tongue wold, p 10 of b nA

With venom full is ever speaking wrong : p 10 of b nA

With Oaths and Curlings, and wch looking big, p 10 of b nA

240 They seek to fright some harmless peaceful Whig, p 10 of b nA

Then boast the Conquest, Hector, rare and dear, p 10 of b nA

And cry God damnum Protestants they abh, p 10 of b nA

All the Phanaticks are a cursed Crew, (6)
Worse than the Papists, or the Moor, or Jew :
The City is a Laystale full of mire,
And ought again to be new purg'd with fire :
All honesty, all godlines they hate,
Love strife and War, contention and debate,
These are the men from whom much mischief springs,
Whilst their bad cause, they falsely make the Kings ;
These wrong the King, and then to make amends,
With Oaths declare they are his only friends :
But these are they, who *Coleman* would out do,
Blow up both Kings and Kingly Power too.

For why is all this Contest, and this strife ?
This strugling in the State, as 'twere for Life ?
VVhen all men own'd their enjoy'd happiness,
And dayly did their belov'd Monarch bless ?

But these ill Men all common Roads forsake,

260 O're Hedges, and th'row standing Corn they break;

Though ill success they have, they will not cease,

Till they have spoyl'd the Nations happy peace.

They see none to Rebellion are inclin'd,

Yet Plots they make, where Plots they cannot find.

260 But their Designs they did so idly frame,

The Evil on their Heads return'd with shame;

And though they find their Evil Projects Curst,

They keep the Impudence they had at first:

'Gainst Honesty, Law, Reason, then they fight,

270 And falsely cry, The King can have no right.

The People of their Judgment they'd bereave,

No proof, no Circumstance will they believe:

Rebels and Traytors they will still Create,

And are Men-Catchers of the highest rate.

270 With Regal Rights these Men keep much adoe;

But, with that Stale, their own game they pursue:

Their Monarchs Safety, Honour, Fame, Renown; and

The great Supports, and Jewels of the Crown;

The Peoples Love, their Freedom, Liberties,

280 Those they neglect, and these they do despise.

What ere these Men pretend, the juglingfeat

Is plainly seen; 'tis to grow Rich, and Great,

To Rule, to Sway, to Govern as they please;

The Peoples Grievance, and the Lands Disease.

285 All men that would oppose their pow'r and sway,

And will not them, like Galley-slaves, obey,

They brand with odious Names, although they spring

From Fathers ever Loyal to their King:

Though they themselves Sons of the Church are known,

290 Would with their Blood defend their Monarchs Throne,

And ready are their Lives to sacrifice

For all their King's just Rights, which much they prize.

But O the Change that's now in *England* seen,

They who are Loyal, and so e're have been,

2951 Because they will not serve sinister ends,
Are Rebels call'd, at least call'd Traitors Friends.
Thou wicked Hag, that now art arm'd with power,
That wouldest Mens Souls and Bodies both devour,
That now dost show thy bloody armed paws,
300 With Malice arm'd, and with too rigid Laws ;
With what Poetick Curse shall I thee paint,
Who art a Devil, yet appear'st a Saint ?
But Vengeance for thee still in Heav'n there's store,
Though many Bleſſ, and Thee the Beast adore,
305 Thou'rt dy'd with Blood, and art the Scarlet Whore.
O Persecution ! thou'rt a Goddess blind,
That never sparest any humane kind ;
In every Country thou dost footing gain,
In all Religions thou desir'st to Reign,
310 But never wast admitted in the True.
Hence grow our Tears, that here thou should'st renew

Job blisow / Thy

Thy Strength and Power in this Happy Realm,
 Our Quiet, and our Peace to over-whelm ;
 When for some years thou hast been banished,
 And Protestants believ'd thou hadst been dead ;
 Or that at least, we never more should fear
 That thou shouldst live to shew thy Power here :
 Unless (which Heav'n avert) that thou shouldst come
 By force, brought in by the Curs'd Power of *Rome*.

But griev'd we are, to see it in our Age,
 And fear it may a greater ill presage.
 Prisons and Fines the punishments are now,
 But who knows what at last it may come to ?
 For this damn'd Hag longs still for Humane Food,

Ne'r satisfied till she is gorg'd with Blood.

Well may the *Papists*, when they have their turn,
 Rack and Imprison, Torture, Hang, and Burn ;
 When *Protestants* to *Protestants* do shew,
 That had they Pow'r, themselves as much would do.

But

330 But let the busie Ministers take care,
They do but Vengeance for themselves prepare :
For in all Ages it was ever known,
That God his Vengeance on their Heads pour'd down.

All but meer Fools may easily foresee
335 What will the fatal end of these things be :
If one bigotted in the *Romish* way,
Should once again the *Englisch* Scepter sway ;
Then those who in the Pulpit are so loud,
Preaching Succession to the Vulgar Croud,
340 Must change their Croaking Notes ; their Coats must turn,
Or, if prove Honest, fly the Land, or burn.
Whom Benefit or Ignorance engage
Now to the Party, then shall feel the Rage
Of those fierce Tyrants, who now undermine,
345 And hidden carry on their curst Design.
The proud usurping Priest, and Popish Knayes,
Shall be your Lords, and all the *Englisch* Slaves ;

The Nobles then must wear the Romish yoke,

Or Heads submit unto the fatal stroak.

350 Oppression will grow bold, the Tadpole-Priests,

Shall lift above the Lords, their Priestly Crests.

T'attempt or struggle then will be in vain,

For Persecution will a Tyrant Reign ;

Her fatal pow'r will then be understood,

55 And she will glut her self with Martyrs Blood.

The Popes Supremacy shall then be shown,

No other Head in England will be known :

Then shall a general Curse flow through the Land,

Lord against Lord, Friend against Friend shall stand,

65 Till at the last the Crowd, in their defence,

Provok'd to Rage, Arm 'gainst their Popish Prince :

With Words no longer, but with Arms they'll jar,

75 And England will be spoyl'd with Civil War ;

True Peace and Happiness so long shall want,

85 Till she shall get a Monarch Protestant.

Thus

Thus Factious Men to Civil Broyls ingage,
And with their ferment make the Crowd to rage :
Their Madness, they in others would increase,
Yet wipe their Mouths, and cry they are for Peace,
370 For King, for Regal Rights, and true Succession,
They in the peoples ears still make profession ;
Yet for one Man, such Friends they are, so civil,
They'd send almost Three Nations to the Devil.
But there's no way these Mischiefs to prevent,
375 Unless we have an Healing Parliament :
Of that these faulty Men love not to hear,
They've much transgrest, and much they have to fear.
Until that day, *England* will find no rest,
Though now she slumbers on her Monarchs breast ;
380 But then the Nation will be truly blest. } }